you. Come! Get ready."

is not a second of cessation.

and he falls down senseless.

from the same direction.

"Ne questions are wanted; we only want

The detective fumbled at his belt. There

was a clink of chains against a pistol, and

then the manaeles! He first put them on

both wrists of his serene and silent prisoner;

but finding that he was absurdly placed by

this arrangement, he took off the manacle from his left hand, and fastening it to one

of his own led the way out and on hastily

down the narrow trail that led by the rocky

precipice above the Indian well. His dozen well armed men were ordered to follow

with drawn guns at the back of the pris-

Rumble! Roll! Crash! Crash again!

Has the overhanging precipice broken loose? Is it the work of an earthquake? Rumble! Rumble! Roll! Crash! There

And not a man is left at the back of the

lender with his prisoner fastened so fast that he cannot run away with him, else he too

had been gone. A stone has struck Gray

And suddenly down and out of the dark-

ness a hand reaches; a heavy and a ter-

rible hand; a hand as heavy and as terrible

as the terrible rocks that had tumbled down

The hand is about the throat of the de-

tective. A man is on his knees, but there

is no time to pray. His neck is broken; his

back is broken, and the manacle is torn

from his dead hand with such ferceity that

the flesh is torn off with it. And then that

dead and bleeding body is caught up and hurled far away into the dark arroya be-

Down deep in the copse by the Indian

well there burned a dim light. The vestal

virgin was there waiting. She knew what would be done; she knew how well it would

be done, and she sat there by the grass

waiting, waiting the rising of the tide in

the well with all the calmness and certainty

Soon there came creening up through the

way by which John Gray entered, the bowed

and huge form of her shaggy-headed father.

This time John Gray did not see the glitter-

ing eyes of the white bull rise slowly above

His own eyes were closed; closed as if in

But clearly Farla had not calculated on

this. She had not thought of death coming

to her in this form. She threw herself on

her knees as her father laid his burden at

her feet, and thrust her hand within his

and prayed. And then she put her right hand suddenly to her head. All her plans

of hiding him away here for the night in

this haunted spot must be changed. The

man must have belp. He might die here.

What would be worse than death, he, in

this belpless plight, might again fall into

No; he could not be left here now. It

would be perilous to all concerned; perilous to him, to her, to her father; most of all

and worst of all perilous to her poor heart-

Finally she seemed to have made one last

desperate resolve; so desperate that she almost hissed her words through her snow-white teeth as she arose and turned to her

"Lay him in there, in the boat. Lay him

in there and leave me. You will go back;

go back to our cave on the other side of the

islands and stay; stay till I come. Go now,

and go alone; and stay till I come. Do you

me father? Do you understand?

He let his heavy, shaggy head tall above the pale face, lifted and laid his charge in

the bont, and then heaved a great heart-

Father!"

He turned about hastily, caught her to his great, true heart and held her for long, so long. Then he turned, lifted his head like a lion for a second; bowed his head low

CHAPTER XV.

Farla listened; the last faint footfall of

shaggy companions down from the crags of

She looked at the pale, thin face that lay

there on the soft, white gunwale of the boat

in the full and flowing Indian well. It is

hard saying which were the whiter, the

white face of the stricken man or the soft,

white and shaggy skin on which it rested as

Soon the tide began to recede. The boat

began to settle down in its bed of lilies. It

began to sink slowly, surely out of sight.

She leaned over, reached far down and cast

lose the anchor that had always chained the

And whither now with its precious freight?

Where would the little bullhide boat drift

and drive to now, with its speechless cap-

tain, its single, silent passenger? She did not know. She did not even dare to guess. She only knew that he was

going away; going away from her forever;

and going away alone, helpless, dying! She clasped her hands in her despair and

pity. She leaned over and looked down at

Oh how she repented that she had in that moment of sudden impulse cast loose the

anchorage. Now he could never, never

be borne far away under the earth; to where: She did not even dream where.

come back to her any more. The boat would

She sprang to her feet, pressed her two

hands an instant to her throbbing heart, and

then, like a panther, she sprang through the

lilies, and, clinging to the rocky rim and

walls of the well, descended with a swiftness

and precision that startled and astonished

She overtook the descending boat as it bumped and thumped with hollow thuds

against the jutting crags, and setting foot in

the prow, settled down to the shoulders in the softest of skin cushions. She adjusted

and then rested. And as she rested her ever

fell upon the helpless and pitiful face before her. There was danger from the rocks. She

put out her long, strong arms and drew the

unconscious form softly to herself. She felt

that his heart still beat. It beat very faintly; but it was not so far from her own now.

of the boat, bathed the white face in the

cool, deep water, and wiped it with her hair. Then she drew the water-tight sealskin and

sea lion skins close up about their shoulder

down there in the deeps of the earth, and

rested. She really rested it seemed for the

little indeed had life been to her! How

little had she had of life, of love, if this,

with death so close at hand, was so delicious

bright enough; the boat was strong and se-

perpendicular voyage! Where and when

But even as she mentally spoke thus there

was a gasp, a great strong breath, as if the

boat had caught in its breast for a desperate

She caught the cord of the belin firmly in

hand, and then proceeded to tighten the skins close about herself and her helpless

charge. This drew them closer still to-

gether. Her strong and healthful body warmed his helpless form. Her sweet breath was in his face. Why should the man die now? It was surely not the time to die now.

Suddenly there was a check in the forward

flight of the boat. The waters boomed to-gether and recoiled back. The boat whirled

about and for a moment was beyond con-trol. Then she gave the keel up to the eddy,

and they spun about in a circle under the lofty arches of an immense cavern. But this cavern was filling, fast filling up with

not care to live.

dash forward; and then, on! on! on! felt that the world was behind her now.

her! Bump! and thump! The light was

But oh! how long and continual this

first time in her hard, desperate life.

She reached her right hand over the side

the rudder, laying the rope ready to

even herself.

he dim and fast fading white object below.

boat to the confines of the well.

it lay there reaching up out of the boat.

Mount Diablo to the smell of blood.

breaking sigh and turned to go.

blouse. The heart was still besting.

the hands of his enemies.

broken old father.

father and said:

In gratitude the girl clasped her

snow white rim of lilies of the Nile,

the men to put down their guns, as he had captured his prisoner.

"And what is the matter? what do you boat came to the arch or roof of the cavern

that a great white and wide-winged sea bat was brushed off, and went whirling madly

was brushed off, and went wairing madiy round about, adding its own dismay and consternation to that of the terrified girl in the boat. And then another white sea bat broke loose; and then a black sea bat broke loose from the beetling arch, till all was terror and confusion, as if the waters of the

p had been broken up. We are going to die," cried the girl.

She drew him closer to her still in her ter-

ror; she looked down into his face. She

had folded him to her heart in that time of

terror, and in that narrow place, without

Boom and boom came the waterel

Thrash! thrash! boom and thunder! The

sea buts struck her face; and one had fast-

"John Gray, we are going to die! and-

and—and I will kiss you as we die together."
Her lips lay tenderly to his unconscious

lips; and then her great ardent and im-

petuous soul came up from out its hiding

And she was stronger for it, braver, better in this brief and singular completeness of

her perfect nature. But he, John Gray,

.

If the girl had paused to reflect on the flood of rising waters around her, she would

have known that as these birds of the sea

made their home there, why surely the place

was secure. But the birds and beasts tran-

quilly trust God, where man, with all his

intelligence, despairs. Just when the re-

action in the pent-up waters came, Farla could not tell. But the boat drew low and

slow along the edge of a deep, dark river, with pebbly banks, when she lifted her face and looked forth. Perhaps she had been

unconscious from exhaustion and terror.

were surging to pass under this arch. There

was a narrow cleft near the keystone of this arch, and through this the sea bats by

thousands, black and white, were eagerly

struggling to get out. She could hear their

teeth smiting as they angrily struck at one

The boat eddied past the mouth of the

Buried river, bumped and thumped, as if it

too was eager to get out; but it soon passed

on, and around and around again. At each

round or circle the water grew lower. Another round and the prow of the boat could

hand more! Around, slowly around, they

went once more.

To her consternation this time she found

that the waters had ceased to subside. There

was a bit of wood by the wall under the

arch. To her horror, as she watched this

losely, she saw that it had ceased to move.

The waters were at a standstill! Hastily pushing the boat back up to the pebbly bank, by laying hold of the ledge with her

bottom of her boat. They were singularly heavy, and almost before she knew it, to

And now the girl drove her boat straight

ready to hand

There was a low arch here. The waters

"John Gray, we are going to die !"

even knowing it.

about her.

never knew.

From the Top of the Highest Monu-

ment in the World.

Unrolled to the Observer From the Top of

the Eiffel Tower.

TREAT FOR THE DISPATCH READERS

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.

ARIS, February 12 .-

The first thing I did

after my return to Paris

was to visit the Exposi-

PICTURESOUE PANORAMA

CAME FROM THE GREAT CAFE

WHAT ORGANIZATION MIGHT DO

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATOR.]

fellow citizens of New York—editors, lecturers, philanthropists—men and women, have arrayed this host of women perishing for lack of trade, be forced to employ women they do wages, and appealed through them to the larger host of women in the country hamlets perishing for lack of help, and have said publicly and privately, "Send me ten they can, and I will be responsible to the extent of providing them with homes where

The last cry of the starving resounds from

WORKINGWOMEN'S WRONGS.

fault of their hearts, but the strength of

Mrs. Davis, a former missionary from Asia Minor, and a leader if not the founder of the society of "The King's Daughters, is reported as saving that there are working that at no distant date. "There will be an

uprising," says Mrs. Davis, "and if God spares me I shall be in it."

WORKED TO DEATH. to the sun; lying along the broad highway winding, curving at its own sweet will brought for many a day is tidings of the death of a sewing woman in that pleasant village. A sewing woman, not from want, but because her skillful needle was always in demand and could not always be secured lay aside all other work that could be laid aside and devote herself to the needed last

preparations. Intelligent, she required only to be told what was wanted. How to

MONEY NO OBJECT. There was never a question of price. When her work was done she was paid whatever she found her work to be worth. She insisted on furnishing items, but no one wanted them, except sometimes for convenience, never for guarantee. And all the time as wife, sister, daughter, she fulfilled all duties with a gentle fidelity that made her village-sewing seem a special personal favor; and found time, too, for her sundry village festivities, church tea-parties, county conferences, summer picnics at the beaches, candy-pullings and concerts of winter evenings. Always cheerful, always helpful, always neat, reticent of trouble, if trouble she had, a fountain of sympathy and succor, her too early going has left a home desolate, a village in tears.

ask ourselves what we shall do without her; and yet I fear in our stress of need and in her never failing obligingness we have sometimes overburdened her strength without knowing it. She was not starving; she was not even poor. She had a modest but simple independence. She needed not togo beyond her own doorstone for all the comforts and enough of the luxuries of life. She was the comrade and friend of her employers. But she had no children, which gave her the advantage in leisure over ask ourselves what we shall do without her: gave her the advantage in leisure over those who had many. She had "faculty" which gave her the advantage in execution over those who had it not, and so when the pile of mending grew too high, when the dressmaker's day came with its all-compell-

. ANOTHER PICTURE.

In the next house to Our Lady of the Needle, Sweet St. Martha, gone now to the harmonious activities of her eternal rest, lives another woman whom death has not yet subdued, but whose strong young figure is beset with premature disease and debility. On a lower plane her services were equally in requisition has spirits expenditure. On a lower plane her services were equally in requisition, her spirits equally unflagging, her responses equally unfailing. With a home of her own to care for, she cared also for a dozen other homes because there was no one else to do it. Morning, noon and night, spring and summer, autumn and winter, the washtub, the flat iron, broom and bread board, mop and duster, were never far from her hand. She could not sew, but she could faithfully scrub. Ruling the market she too could make her own

Horses Teeth a Specialty.

TALKS ABOUT HIS ODD TRADE.

OUEER DENTAL WORK

A Man Who Makes the Repairing of

The Behavior of Equine Patients While in

the Dentist's Hands.

PACTS ABOUT A NEW PROPESSION

PWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.



VER in Allegheny there is a man pra ticing a somewhat uncommon profession.

looking into the dentist. He has been mouths of some of the horses in the Allegheny Fire Department and fixing up such of their teeth as were found in need of repairs. He maintains that the teeth of horses require a dentist's

but young animals can be cured completely if taken in time. These unnatural tricks are the methods adopted by the horse to re-

"They do; and they frequently become loosened or broken by some accident, such as a fall, then an ulcer forms, the horse is

EQUINE DENTISTRY. "Another trouble, which is of less fre quent occurrence, is an extra growth upon some one of the teeth, resulting in such un-evenness that it is almost impossible for the animal to chew his food at all. The teeth may be naturally uneven, or they may be worn so from the continued masti cation of dry and hard food. In either case they require attention, and should be so fitted that they will do properly the work for which they were intended. horse's upper jaw is considerably wider than the lower, and therefore the play of the jaw must be free and unobstructed. You can readily see that it must be impossible for the animal to chew his food up fine it

"I have read that animals, in their natural state, are never afflicted with tooth-ache or similar ailments. Do you think this is true?"

"It may be. I know this much about it, Horses that are kept in the stable and fed on hay and grain are most liable to be so troubled. Young horses that are allowed their freedom and feed on grass seldom have

"Not by any means as difficult as it would appear. To pull a sound one would doubt-less require the exertion of great strength, instruments of a shape similar to those used what are known as 'wolf's teeth.' A wolf's moiar. It is an unpatural growth and frequently results in impaired vision and some-times causes total blindness. For pulling wolf teeth we have a special instrument,

HOW THE WORK IS DONE. The dentist here brought out and exhibdentists' tools, greatly magnified. A pair of forceps was about 16 inches long, and instruments in proportion. I then

"Don't your patients sometimes struggle

sensitive like ours, having no nerves, so far as I have been able to discover." as I have been able to discover."

"Are false teeth ever made for horsea?"

"They may have been, but they could scarcely be successful, for even a very intelligent animal can scarcely be educated

to appreciate their uses. But we frequently have occasion to fill their teeth. We use

"Isu't there danger of being bitten by "Not if you know where to put your hands. I always leave a horse's head per-

a demand for it. Owners make the care of their animals a study, and they are beginning to learn that it is essential to the wel-fare of horses that the teeth be well taken

care of. There are a good many veterinary dentists in the West—they don't appear to be as numerous in Eastern cities—and their number is increasing every year

"Try Ayer's Pills"

relieved me from that trouble and also These words would be-'Try Ayer's

"By the use of Ayer's Pills alone, I cured myself permanently of rheuma-tism which had troubled me several months. These Pills are at once harmless and effectual, and, I believe, would prove a specific in all cases of incipient

No medicine could have served me in better stead."—C. C. Rock, Corner, Avoyelles Parish, La.

C. F. Hopkins, Nevada City, writes "I have used Ayer's Pills for sixteen years, and I think they are the best Pills in the world. We keep a box of them in the house all the time. They have

in the house all the time. They have cured me of sick headache and neuralgia. Since taking Ayer's Pills, I have been free from these complaints."

"I have derived great benefit from Ayer's Pills. Five years ago I was taken so ill with rheumatism that I was unable to do any work. I took three boxes of Ayer's Pills and was entirely cured. Since that time I am never without a box of these pills."—Peter Christensen, Sherwood, Wis.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

Cry of the Starving Which

Beyond Hunger.

icturesque garden sloping down to the river bank directly opposite the base of this tall tower. After picking out one by one all these and many other monuments of Paris' greatness that I might mention, my eyes turned from house tops to the hill on the west and south of town, to hills covered with parks and forests and dotted with with parks and forests and dotted with villas and palaces, to hills that had pretty little villages nestling at their feet and around which the Seine goes streaming on toward the sea. Off on the west Mount Valerian loomed with its majestic fortress in crowned profile; further that way was Ville d'Avray, the palace where Gam-betta died; the villages of St. Cloud Meudon, Issy, Vanves and Passy-Autueil where the river is bridged by the great viaducts of the Point de Jour, the double tier of whose superimposed white arches stood

On a map of "Paris under the Mero-

IT WILL BE A GRAND SHOW. For a while it was much easier coming lown than it was going up, but by and by even the descent became quite tiresome, and I was indeed glad when I reached earth again. The Exposition buildings are well advanced toward completion, and the Min ister of Commerce, together with the Di-rector General and other officials connected with the World's Fair, are certain they will be ready to open the show at the time appointed. You must not imagine though that this Eiffel Tower is the only thing that this Effel Tower is the only thing that will be worth seeing the coming summer, for, believe me, the Exposition Universelle of 1889 will be far ahead of all others that have preceded it either abroad or at Philadelphia. Perhaps this 1,000 feet high tower will prove the principal attraction for most persons, and it ought to as it is a most wonderful structure. There will be three elevators, and it will take 15 minutes to reach the highest platform to which the public are to be admitted. Very few persons will be allowed to go to the top platform. Up at the top there will be at night an electric light of at least 3,000 amperes. Now, as one lamp is only good for 90 amperes, it requires 33 such lamps to give that much of illumination. But there will be 48 of them, in three rows one above the other, thus producing three zones of concentric light which will spread them-

who have never been over before may save themselves a lot of trouble and unnecessary

expense by paying attention to my advice.

HENRY HAYNIE.

SOME CONSOLATION.

Royal Blood in Everybody's Veins-How to

Trace it Back.

Every man has 2 parents, 4 grand-

parents, 8 great-grandparents, 16 great-

la Concorde or the Champs-Elysees. elves over a good part of Paris and the surounding country. Yes, it is going to be a great show, and all the world is caming to see it. In my next letter I shall tell the readers of THE DIS-PATCH not only how to prepare for the ocean trip, but where to go and what to see when they get here. Intending visitors

of a place that it was when Gauls ran wild and kings built themselves paince baths as residences.
As I looked down from the high spot to which I had climbed, my eyes were at first dazzled by the vastness of the view, the rich colors, and the diversity of details. But little by little I was able to take in the most distant contours of the horizon, and the longer it was contemplated the more inthe longer it was contemplated the more in-teresting and the more imposing grew the spectacle. Emerging from amid irregular roof lines, and surrounded by a circle of faded tree tops, the two curiously shaped cupolas of the Paris Observatory formed but a part of a cluster of historical build-

ings in that corner of the capital, and of which Val de Grace Hospital, with its clumsily shaped heavy looking dome formed another. Close by I could see the front of the Bal Bullier place, a dancing room for naughty men and women out of which I advise all newcomers to remain, and I am quite sure not a single soul will pay atten-

inside the place; it is one of the sights of the French Capital that one can take inand then go home and pray for forgiveness

A PRETTY PANORAMA. The low rambling buildings of the Gobe lin Tapestry Manufactury are also in that direction; the Luxembourg Palace looms up inside of a garden that will be more beautiful still when shrubbery has greened and flowers are in bloom again. Beyond lay the Jardin des Plantes, while a little to the north rose the low hill, known

in topography as the "Mountain" of St. Genevieve, crowned by the splendid dome and classic portices of the Pantheon. The Sorbonne is thereabouts, and I could almost make out the gothic eaves and gables of the apostate's bath house, which now, as the Hotel Cluny is another place, that all the good Americans must go and see when they come to Paris, for there are many curious and some few nametry things to be great Napoleon. The graceful

and the Chatelet Theater that we find a still newer Paris. There are numerous bridges across the Seine; I have a photograph in my possession showing no fewer than seven of them in full view. From my perch I saw the Mint, the low dome of the Institute, all the grand buildings of the Louvre, the Palais Royal with the Theater Francais

HISTORIC SPOTS TRACED. Nearer by were the fire-blacked rains o crowned heads, dukes, princes or bishops, or renowned generals, barristers, physicians, etc., among his ancestors.

Merchant-I trust it will not incom you, Miss Sweetly, but-er-the fact is, expect my wife here in about ten minutes and you will greatly oblige me by wearing

Merchant's Wife-Well, I've heard abou the pretty typewriters in business offices; but if that's a specimen, I must say I think their attractions are greatly over-estimated

broad avenue that forms the qual, past the Invalides, whose open space is also covered by structures for French colonies almost as far as the Foreign Office. Continuing my ocular exploration my eyes caught sight of a golden figure havering in midair over the eastern corner of the capital, and this was the Genius of the Bastille posed on one foot at the top of a tall broaze column erected to commemorate the July revolution of 1830. Then I saw the fair antline and hold campanile of the Hofel de

outline and bold campanile of the Hotel de Ville; next a square, flamboyant Gothic tower, all that remains of the Church of St. Jacques de la Boucherie; then some great structures of glass and iron known as the Halles Centrales; the garden and park of the Tuilleries at the hither end of the Louvre; the fountains and Egyptian obelisk of the Place de la Concorde; the Church of the Madeleine, St. Augustin's, the Grand Opera House, the Bourse, several theaters, and two great railway stations; that of the North, whence lines owned by the Roths childs run to Berlin and Brussels and London, and that of St. Lazare, into which came by the Western Railway after leav-

tion grounds. While over there I climbed up the Eiffel Tower to an elevation more than 200 feet higher than the top of the Washington Monument. Until the other

day that square-shaped mass of granite was the tallest thing on earth, but it and all other famous constructions, such as the dome of St. Peter's at Rome, the grand pyramids of Egypt and the spire of the Cathedral at Cologne, are low down in the world when compared with this wonderful specimen of engineering which man has raised on the banks of the River Seine. When finished it will reach a point 1,000 feet high, and the altitude to which I slowly mounted was no less than 760 feet above that winding stream.

Fatiguing? Well, I should say so; and so, too, was the coming down again, even though it does not appear so in the adjoining picture. Happily, however, the day was clear, and I had a splendid view of city, towns and country in a landscape that had nearly 40 miles of horizon in every di-

rection. vingians," that I saw not long ago, the course of the river Seine from Charenton did not even know his letters. One day a to Sevres is shown, together with the islands scattered over its surface. In the center of the map lies the city; the sur rounding (now aristocratic) parts disap-

pear under stretches of marshy bottom-lands. On the left bank stands the palace of Julian the Apostate, and of this some fragments still remain, known as the Hotel

right hand, she leaned over and caught up the big and heavy yellow pebbles, and dropped them as fast as possible into the "He questioned me for an hour," said the professor of chemistry, "and went away knowing more about the science than some young men who have studied it two terms.' her great delight the little craft had sunk down into the water 12 or 15 inches from the "And I talked with him un hour," said great weight of the curious yellow pebbles that lay there in such profusion and so the professor of English literature, "and he extracted from me enough information to fill a volume. The young fellow had a regular tar baby and with all her strength into the low, rocky arch. The bats were still whirling, biting,

fighting in legions through the keystone crevice overhead, but she did not heed them ow: on! on! on! there when he makes a start. Her little vessel began to totter, to trem ble, to sink down from the suction of the waters underneath. Nature, the elements, were battling in the bosom of the sea below. The bats kept battling in the broken and A PIECE OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE

by a Massachusetts Map. ugly arch overhead. One earnest prayer, for she wanted to Boston Globe.] escape now; she so wanted to live now, and the girl once more drew the water-tight skins firmly together, and fastening them, her father had died away. There was no thus prepared for the worst. She was none sound of any lite; no sound save the sharp cry of the little brown wolf, calling his as to almost make her dizzy, the craft spun around, and around! and around! Then down like a great white swan, deep, deeper, ticle whether there was another similar relic deepest! Then like a ball it bounded to the surface, and leaped along the waters,

the swift-running waters like a racer right on and out toward the Golden Gate and the great, roaring, lion-locked islands of rock, with their clouds of sea birds beyond, Swift swept the tide by the foamy pillars of the mighty gate. The sun was going

down. The sun was rolled down out of heaven, a huge molten ball of immensity. It filled the gate completely. Looking out against the rocky islands, you see them set tight and fast against a wall of fire. The stars were out in heaven as they rounded to the further side of the larger island, where a yellow sail nodded welcome, where it lay bobbing and backing to a hidden cavern

A million stars were out in heaven, but the sun and the moon and ten million stars together were passing their light and their love into the fortified heart of Farla now. For he had called her name! The balm and the calm, and the great strength of the all restoring arms, had brought him back to

And John Gray had come back to life out of the water of his Buried River with her name, the name of Farla, on his lips.

After the silent old giant had lifted and borne them both from the boat into the warm and skin-lined-heart of the cave he came out to empty the boat of its ballast, and draw it in out of sight so that it might not attract attention and betray too much to a too meddlesome world. He caught up one of the vellow rocks hastily but it slipped from his hand and sank in the foamy sea. He caught up another, and still another till all the largest were gone. But each one seemed so very heavy; and as hard to hold as if they had been fish fresh from the sea. Finally he took up a smaller pebble and lifted it to his great white teeth. Then he

rubbed it with his rough palm, then on his sleeve, then on his lips, and chuckled and chuckled till his massive shoulders shook and shook. This man had been a miner in the days of '49.

He seemed singularly glad to see John Gray sitting up, warming his hands by the big oil lamp, as he went back into the cavern after taking care to hide the remain-

ing half bushel of ballast. Farla, in fact, had never seen him so glad. He even laughed; laughed twice, thrice, till it seemed that the laughter of the giant would shake the walls of the cavern. Silvia took his daughter with him th next morning in the vellow sail and went direct to the great stone edifice with its

grand Greek porch, where nearly all the money of this country is coined. He had only two of the "yellow pebbles" in his There is a pleasant fiction, a firm belief. indeed, among the miners of California, that you can step in at this Greek porch with your gold and have it coined while you

wait. True, you get you coin at the end of a few moments; but it is not coin made from the gold which you have dug from the earth and so much desire to have in your pocket. The truth is your gold is weighed, assayed, then its value is handed you even to the little red copper. But your particu-lar gold which you take to the mint may not be made into money for years.

Silvia and his daughter did not wait long;
for the "yellow pebbles" were almost pure
gold, and their value was readily determined. As they can sown the great stone steps, he haid the heavy buckskin bag in her hands: "It is yours; all yours Farla. Your dowry. No, don't be afraid to take it, girl. the booming, eddying, inflowing waters of the ocean. She could not see now, as they whirled about, the place by which they had entered. In a little time all would be over. True, the water-tight covering could be closed; but they could not live long thus. He would surely die; and then she would slipped from his clumsy old hands into the

That night by the light of the hig

lamp, after John Gray had been ened by the most generous repast that could be brought in the yellow sail, to say nothing of a most neurishing glass of wine, the old giant laughed louder than ever he laughed before. And then he begged Farla for the bag of gold, and began laying down a pavement, or ficer, with the broad new pieces of gold, saying as he did so that the cave was not fine enough for such fine ladies and gentlemen as those two that had come to visit him.

Then he went and brought a heavy bag of "yellow pebbles," so heavy that he fairly staggered under the weight of it, and laid the yellow nuggets down for them to walk

And when they had explained to John Gray how it all came about, he exclaimed: "My Buried River!"

"But you don't go there any more," cried Farla, quickly; and then she blushed at thought of her bold speech and held down ened in her hair.
"John Gray?" She had bowed her face her head. John Gray took her hand and leaning even to his to escape the hideous creatures

forward said softly: "Will you go with me; go with me

"To where?" "To church, Farla?" The wind had risen; the sea was roaring place in the corners of her heart; even as the great sea came up to them there, booming and thundering, from the caverns of its trembling bosom. And the flower and perfume of her holy womanhood she laid, as if it were religion, on the altar of her love, shoulders shake, as if still shaking with

laughter. THE END. Copyright, 1889, by Joaquin Miller.

THE LILY OF ROCHON. The opening chapters of Maurice Thomp son's story, "The Lily of Rochon," will appear NEXT SUNDAY. It is a romance of the Bay St. Louis, Gulf of Mexico, when Louisiana pirates were powerful there. The plot embodies love, intrigue and exciting adventure.

A WONDERFUL MEMORY.

How a Persevering Young Man of Georgia Got His Education.

Atlanta Constitution. 1 Up in north Georgia some years ago there was a young farmer who was as poor as Job's turkey. He was very ignorant, and tourist paused to rest under a tree where thefarmer was eating dinner, and recited a pretty poem. The young man was pleased with it, and the stranger gave him a written copy. But it was useless to a man who could not read, and the traveler had pass under the arch. Only the length of a to go over it with his finger, pointing out each word and letter. After his friend left, the countryman went home and took his first writing lesson from the written poem. One letter was missing-the letter Z. next day he walked five miles to see a neighbor who showed him how to make it, and then he was master of the alphabet. He got a spelling book and a reader, and studied them by a pine knot fire. Two years later, he visited Mercer University at Penfield,

during vacation time, and the professors showed him through the building.

of a memory. It stuck to everything. He entered the university and became noted for his strong, clear style and his varied attainments. A countryman generally gets

Chip From the Famous Structure Owner count of "Relics of Much Value," and among the relics mentioned was a piece of stone, which it was claimed was a piece of the foundation of King Solomon's temple, and there was a doubt expressed in the ar-

in the country.
Dr. Frank Brooks, of Marlboro, has in his possession a piece of stone which he claims has a well-authenticated history as a part of the foundation of the temple of King

part of the foundation of the temple of King Solomon. This stone was given him by his father in 1870, who broke it off the large stone, which had just then been brought from Joppa, in 1839 or 1840.

The relic is a three-cornered piece, about two inches long and half an inch thick, white and black in color, and is very highly prized by the owner, who thinks the ex-stance of augustus. istence of another piece of the foundation of the famous temple well worth mention-

Extravagance in Coffice

New York Press.] To-day the height of extravagance and artistic workmanship seems to be attained in coffins and easkets. They are made of rosewood, mahogany, walnut, maple and cheaper woods, with sliding handles, carved by skilled designers, and the most gorgeous silver plates and religious emblems imagi-Some undertakers have recently made caskets costing from \$1,500 to \$2,000 apiece, and very ordinary affairs fetch \$500 each. The costliest silks and satins and laces are obtained for linings, and several sorts of patent metalic caskers of great durability are manufactured. There are dealers in undertakers' supplies in this city who do an annual business of millions. But few coffins are made here, most of those used in this part of the country coming afrom

A Matter of Credit

New York Sun. De Jenks-I didn't think you would re fuse me this small loan. Your sister trusts Henry-Pshaw! That's a matter of love,

Sad for a Cause.

He-What a change has come over Miss Frivell. She never smiles now. She-Miss Frivell has just lost one of her

The Young Idea. New York Sunl Merritt-Was your father wild when your mother let her iron fall on his toes? Little Johnnie-Yes; he was hopping.



Polite Member of the Vigilance Commit tee-It is very painful for us, I assure you,

ing the Campagne at Havre last Sunday. ARTERIES AND BREATHING SPOTS. There are great broad thoroughfares, and narrow crooked ones, too, stretching out and crossing each other in every direction. My eyes now reached the Champs-Elysees, and through the lovely walks I in ancy strolled past circus building, panoramas, open-air concert places—that is, they will be when the weather warms-on up the avenue which leads to the Arc de Triomphe and thence down as far as the Moorish pal-ace of the Trocadero with twin minarets and a pretty waterfall that tumbles through a

out boldly against a rural background. To tree tops called the Bois de Boulogne, I saw Suresne, Courbevoie, Puteaux, Neuilly, Asnieres and dozens of slender church spires

shooting upward to mark the site of other villages and hamlets. Afar off was a sort of purple line on the edge of the horizon and I knew it was the forest of St. Germain The hill of Montmartre was high above all Paris, and to the right of it stood the abbey church of St. Denis. Following the horizon, I looked on Argenteuil famous for its asparagus, on the Buttes Chaumont, St. Mande, the forest town and donjon of Vincennes, and next the squeduct of Arcueil then to Montrouge and Chatillon. I could almost see Montmorency, where Mile. Rhea, the eminent French actress, now in the United States, lives when she is in this TIAS 5 ALC: N

MILLIA.

DALL

Coming Down the Tower. Cluny. There is also a temple of Isis on that old map, but it disappeared ever so long ago, and the site is marked by the Obervatory. Over on the right bank the hill of Montmartre is crowned by a temple to Mars, but you may look in vain on that old map for any sign of the beautiful Place de

THE PARIS OF TO-DAY. Now, take a map of the Paris of to-day, or look down on the town from this tall tower, and see what a great city has sprung into existence from the cluster of huts built by boatmen on an island in the long ago. modern capital into which all the world will flock this year is quite a different sort

tion to my words.

I would not, either, if I had never been

curious, and some few naughty things to be seen inside its walls. In a line between it and this tall tower lies the gilded dome that crowns with gold the resting place of sublime that masterpiece of gothic art, the church of Notre Dame, showed far above the many buildings that cluster around the old cathedral on the cite island. Hard by I saw the courts of justice with St. Chappelle, also

the lace-like walls and pointed towers of the terrible conciergerie.

The curving line of the river separates old Paris from the new, and it is not until we get well westward of the Opera Comique Palais Royal with the Inester Francais hanging onto one corner of its historic par-allelogram, the Bank of France, and then far away the Cemetery of Pere la Chaise, to which you must be sure and make a pil-

sir; but we have submitted to a great many annovances in connection with our cattle and horses, and—
Besigned Culprit—Oh, go ahead! I suppose you've got to draw the line somewh—P. M. of the V. C.—H'ist him, boys, h'ist him!—Puck.

better known perhaps in diplomatic circle as the Quai d' Orsay. The Expositio DELMONICO MUSINGS buildings stretch their way along this same

How the Slaves of the Needle Can Be Placed

THE country observand again he draws up his army of perishing country women to confront them. It is at least 15 years since our

patriotism and humanity of the nation; and to every appeal I have responded with a women, send me even two women out of these city sufferers, who will do as well as at least they shall have comfortable shelter, abundant food and as large wages as they shall show themselves capable of earning. Not one woman has ever come.

Delmonico's. I suspect a little sarcasm in the report which deals with the silk gowns and velvet wraps and tailor-made costumes and Delmonico lunch of the Delmonicons, ened homes! before reaching the object of their assembling, the discussion of

But I have no sarcasm for the well dressed disputants. With all their silks and velvets they were, no doubt, as hard-working women as the seamstresses for whom they spoke, and they had as good a right to eat Delmonico's lunch as Delmonico had to cook it. That their wages were better than the wages of the sewingwomen is not the

their heads. women spending 16 hours a day for a little over \$100 a year; that nothing is surer than that there will be a revolt in the ranks and

Miss Van Etten is reported as taking the opposite side from Mrs. Davis. Mrs. Davis looks to the spread of Christian charity, the growth of the religious spirit, for the relief of working women. Miss Van Etten was so sure that individual effort must take the shape of demanding public legislation that "her strong face was pale with emotion." The discussion had "stirred her blood" to insist that "organization is the only way to fight capital." "It is very well to condemn strong measures," Miss Van Etten is reported to have said, "as you sit here in elegance and comfort, but down in Lafayette Place are a little group of women trying to arm to fight starvation.

In a village I wot of there is another group of women not trying to arm, but all the time arming and fighting, not against death from starvation, for they have food in galore, but against death from overwear of muscle and nerve and brain in the attempt to make homes. It is a pleasant village lying open through a green country of hills and woods and brooks and trees and birds. It is not a village remote, inaccessible. The telegraph touches it. Horse cars come dangerously near. The steam whistle of the railroads is heard there 40 times a day, and twice each day comes the friendly hand of the national Government bringing letters from the farthest corners of the earth. The evening skies are illumined with the electric lights of four cities-the Aurora Borealis of man; and when Boston burned her crooked streets, not long ago, the hamlet hills were aflame be-neath the stars. And the saddest tidings so great was the requisition on her time.

There was want, but it was on the part of
the village. A low voiced, sweet natured
woman, no lady lunching at Delmonico's
was more a lady than she. Her gentle face bore always a welcome to the home-returning. For the home-departing she would

great-grandparents, 32 great-great-great-grandparents, etc. Now, if we reckon 25 years to a generation, and carry on the emplish it she knew herself. above calculation to the time of William the Conqueror of England, it will be found the Conqueror of England, it will be found that each living person must have had 35,000,000 of ancestors. Now, supposing we make the usual allowance for the crossing or intermarrying of families in a genealogical line, and for the same person being in many of the intersections of the family tree, still there will remain a number at that period even to cover the whole Norman and Anglo-Saxon races. What, therefore, might have been pious, princely, kingly or aristogratic. been pious, princely, kingly or aristocratic, stands side by side in line with the most ignoble, plebeian or democratic. Each man of the present day may be certain of having had, not only barons and 'squires, but even

> home desolate, a village in tears.
>
> It is not a selfish sorrow if we sometimes ing strenpousness, it was to easy not to fall back on her sweet, calm soul—help without agitation, sympathy without mis-giving, complete understanding and unfail-ing sunshine.

the market, she, too, could make her own terms, which a helpless and submissive community were only too glad to accept, until even her iron musele, her cheerful

good will and hearty content were overtaken by swift debility and decrepitude. If Mrs. Davis and her King's Daughters, by prayer, or faith, or Christian charity, or religious spirit, can bring a regiment or

even a company of such women from the ranks of the 200,000 in New York City into the suffering villages of New England— Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears.[] Our faith triumphant o'er our fears Are all with her, are all with her!

If Miss Van Etten can so shape legisla-tion as to transfer such women from the starving slums to the bounteous rural roads, I can assure her that the doors of wide roomed, well-sunned farmhouses will be flung promptly open to receive them.

A VITAL FACT. What, exactly, do the compassionate Delmonicons propose to shape into the organi-zation and legislation? Mr. Croly pointed er sees that the 200 starving women of New York City are again marshalled to their an.

The country observed and legislation? Mr. City pointed out the vital fact that the vast majority of the suffering workwomen are unskilled laborers. Shall Congress legislate that unskilled workwomen shall be paid just as much as the skilled? Must the rich people nual exhibition in the in New York, must we poor people in the New York newspapers, country villages, pay just as much money to the woman who can only sew badly a seam already basted, as we pay to the woman who can take the cloth and cut and baste and sew, from piece to garment? Must we even be forced by law to employ at all the inefficient woman who understands no trade? We are sometimes forced to it not want, or forced to pay a higher than the market price for their work? Can the law enter a poor woman's garret and tell her that she shall bend over her needle only ten

> her \$200 instead of \$100 a year? WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

Organization is the only way to fight cap ital, says Miss Van Elten, but what is it that is to be organized? Is it labor? Alas! that is a fight in which victory is almost as fatal as defeat. What can ten thousands of starving women, even well organized, do against the well-fed capitalists, with the tremendous advantage of establishing order on their side? A "revolt in the ranks," "up rising"—the words have a stirring sound at a Delmonico lunch, but what untold frenzy of bitter passions, what mental and physical suffering it means in straight-Cannot the Delmonicons do better? Can

not organization provide the way to earn, to share, to enjoy capital instead of fighting

capital?

Mrs. Davis has a profound faith in Christian charity and the religious spirit. Christ-ian charity and religious spirit are already organized in the very places where the working women are suffering from overwork, both in city and country. I have previously insisted and I again insist that the Christ-ian churches of New York and the Christian churches of the country villages can do no better Christian work than to combine into a moral circulating system by which the poor women of the cities; the women starv-ing in the garrets, perishing in the cellars, shall be sent to the country villages to save, not only themselves, but the women who are perishing in their comfortable ample kitchens, in their sunny, well-aired sewing GAIL HAMILTON

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS FOR A NAP. Singular Whim of a Customer of a New York

Barber Shop. A large man, wearing a heavy black beard, went into the barber shop at the Fifth Avenue Hotel the other night, climbed into a chair, put his head back, and closed his eyes. The barber tucked the usual towel under his chin, and then spent several minutes fussing around among the bottles and unguents. In a moment he took his powder puff, run it lightly over the cheeks of his subject, which were innocent of any hair, and then, switching the towel away from the man's neck, he began shaking him with all his might. The man sed himself with a seeming effort, got

out of the chair, gave the barber a quarter for his trouble, and left the shop.
"That man," said the barber in explanation of his pantomime, "comes in here three or four times a week to get shaved where his beard does not grow up to his cheeks.

As a matter of fact, there is absolutely nothing there to shave—not a vestige of hair. At first I had to do it to humor him, until I found that he had no sooner got his head in the chair than he went sound as leep. This happens as regular as clock work. There's no use in shaving him, because no hair ever grows where he wants to be shaved, and I should simply be wasting the time of people who really have some demand upon my service. So I wait until he is lost in his usual snooze, tuss around a little, pass the powder puff over him, and then wake him up. He is just as happy as if the razor had been singing over him for 15 min-

Perpetual Devotion. Toledo Blade.] She (sentimentally)-In the spring all nature smiles, the birds woo, lovers kiss, but, ah! now comes winter. He-I know some things that kiss

the year round, and never change. She—Impossible. What? He (calmly)—Billard balls. Mary Still Shadowed Philadelphia Record.

Society Editor-Learned anything new about Mary Anderson? Reporter-I saw her nod yesterday young Mr. Blank, of Blank & Co.
"Well, don't announce it as a positive engagement; just put it in as a run He Was Out of Reach.

Bobbie-Say, pa, a bee hums, doesn'

Father-Yes, my boy; but run away and don't bother me.

Bobbie-Well, ps, if that's so, ain't a bee a humbug?

New York Sun. 1

Art in the West. Philadelphia Record. Philadelphian-What! You never hear d of Carnot, the great artist? Miss Lakeside (of Chicago)-No; you se young ladies have no chance to learn any-thing about art in Chicago. We are not al-

lowed to enter saloons. Making Assurance Doubly Sure.



Jack Spooner (who has managed to blunder through it)-Edith, dear, I-I-hardly know just what to say-I am so happy and so agitated. It may seem foolish to youbut—I put my sentiments in writing before I came—half intending to leave a letter!
Miss Korton (with admirable foresight)—
Well, John, dear, we understand each other now; but please do let me have the letter, too.
I would so love to keep it as a memento of this happy agains!—But! this happy evening!-Puck.

No BUFFET should be without a bottle of Angostura Bitters, the South American ap-petiesr.

attention quite as often as those of men. There are a good many veterinary surgeons in the two cities, who combine this kind of dentistry with their regular practice, but

the number of those who follow veterinary dentistry alone is comparatively limited.

"Many of the disagreeable habits which some horses have, such as side pulling, tossing the head and cribbing are due to a dishours a day, or can it enter the clothier's eased condition of the teeth or mouth in nine cases out of ten," remarked the den-tist. "Of course an old horse will persist in some of these habits, particularly that of counting room and tell him he shall pay cribbing, even after the cause is removed;

> lieve himself of pain or a disagreeable feeling in the mouth."
> "Do the teeth of horses frequently de-

unable to masticate his food properly, and the consequence is that he loses his appetite and begins to run down in flesh.

some of the teeth project far above the others.

anything the matter with their teeth."
"Isn't it a hard task to pull a horse's but that is something we never do. If the tooth is loose or ulcerated or discolored, in-dicating that it is decayed, we pull it with upon human teeth, but of larger size. Cases are occasionally met with where horses have

excellently adapted to the purpose." ited his set of instruments. They were numerous, and looked about like ordinary

asked: greatly while being operated upon?" "No. They generally take it very quietly after the first excitement is over, seeming to understand that what is being done is for their benefit. I use no force whatever, for I can accomplish more by kindness. Horses are possessed of common sense, and many of them seem glad to have their troublesome teeth treated. Then, too, their teeth are not

the same materials as other dentists amal gam generally—though in rare cases the teeth of trotters or other high priced horses are filled with gold." vicious horses?

feetly free, and frequently I find that a so-called vicious animal is the most patient under treatment." "Your profession is a comparatively mod-ern one, I judge." "Yes, it has sprung up because there was

For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and Gous. Stephen Lansing, of Yonkers, N. Y., says: "Recommended as a cure for chronic Costiveness, Ayer's Pills have from Gout. If every victim of this disease would heed only three words of mine, I could banish Gout from the land.

Rheumatism.

PREPARED BY C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mar